



# The Rebel Queen



10 1 3

## Chapter 1 by Valeria Hernandez

I took a deep breath as I gathered my skirts in my hands. 1....2....3. I darted into the tunnels before me, my head darting from side to side checking to see nobody saw me running. Running means you're guilty, and no one should think I am guilty of anything, even if it's true.

## Chapter 2 by Wikedywik



Eventually, I had to slow myself to a walk. However much I had tried to avoid it, the ends of my dress were dirtied. I would need to find a clean source of water. I panted quietly in the darkness, hoping there were no rats. I hated rats.

But I needed to hurry. The queen would not be forgiving of my act of treachery, and the king had never cared for me like he had my sisters and brothers. Not like I had ever cared for them. I thought through what I did. It had to have been done. Well, maybe not all of it. Sure, not saying "I do" at a wedding is bad, but maybe I shouldn't have killed him. He would have killed me in the end, though.

I pushed the images away. The blood soaking through his shirt. Life flooding from his eyes. Hatred in my mother's eyes. Betrayal in my father's.

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